

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 25, 1936

NEXT WEEK

YOUTH MUST BE HEARD in the pages of the new AMERICA. Therefore, they will have next week as their own. All the contributors of articles will range from the upper side of twenty to the lower side of thirty years of age. They have something to say, these young writers of today, the voices of the future. That they speak brilliantly, we believe, will be affirmed by the SENIOR READERS AND AUTHORS.

PETER LUNN is the twenty-two year old son of the now famous Arnold Lunn. He entered the Church with his father, independently convinced. Last winter, he captained the British Ski Team at the Winter Olympics in Germany. He uses that as his jumping-off place for **THIS YOUTH RACKET**.

WE LEARN TO BUILD is a charming little recital of home building by a young matron whose husband is a professor at Notre Dame University. He and she are poets; they are also parents. Many will recognize the name of **ELEANORE PERRY ENGELS**.

DO NOVELISTS TELL THE TRUTH was changed from the more downright assertion which first headed the article: **Novelists Are Liars**. The young critic, a professor at Fordham University, recently Ph.D'd, is **FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY**.

SCIENCE AND THE NEW HOMILETICS is, as one of the editors noted, "a trifle severe in spots." Youth is severe. The author, an associate editor of the *Interracial Review*, is **FRANCIS S. MOSELEY**.

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COMMENT

MAKING clear his own and his Church's position in regard to political elections, the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, has addressed to his people a letter which is to be read at all Masses on some Sunday in July. The letter is timely, weighted in every sentence with political wisdom. It should be pondered by all our voters, regardless of regional limits or religious ties. The nation, states the Archbishop, faces a grave crisis. The gravity of the present crisis is revealed under four heads: Absolutism of the state with the denial of all rights except those given by the state; the ever mounting cost of municipal, State, and Federal government; the dangerous doctrines of extremists, who in violation of human dignity deny freedom of contract and with it the right to a life of simple and frugal comfort; the total neglect of God's Providence in all the solutions and planning. This letter, brief, clear and incisive, though written for Catholics of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, ought to be read and studied by every American who has his country's interests at heart.

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MONTHS back there was a prediction that the present political campaign would be "the dirtiest in our history." The parties are to be congratulated that thus far the prophet has been proved false. True, fashion in government over wide areas today calls for rousing storms of hate, false propaganda, and the ruthless handling of opponents. All these are very far away from the best American traditions; all these must be detestable to Christians. No one has accused Americans of being other than a kindly and generous people, fair to their foes, honest and open. We must remain so even in the midst of grave, perplexing problems. We must see that our leaders on all sides, our public officials and candidates for office adhere to, and their political managers and propaganda machines observe sane American practice. The tactics of Nazi and Communist must meet instant and telling rebuke. The injustice of "smearing" an opponent to make him hated and ridiculous, the bitterness of name-calling, above all that dire thrust at popular government, the threat of political reprisal must not go unchallenged and unpunished. In this country the whole people are the masters. It is not their desire nor their program to be led far down the road of injustice along the dark lanes of propaganda so to arrive at any shining house of peace and union. It is not their desire to build such a house on falsehood, prejudice and hate.

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SPOKESMEN of the intellectual proletariat like the Pope in Rome just as little as they like the Bishops in the United States. They like the ideas of

the Catholic Church in much the same way that the Bible-belt Christians like Catholics. A word from Rome can send the *New Republic* and the *Nation* editors into hysteria. It can make them weep and rage. It creates swarms of bugaboos to frighten them and makes them invoke their taboos. The Pope's encyclical on the motion-picture art and industry has disturbed the *Nation* and the *New Republic* so much that they are more than usually peevish. The latter thinks of the great harm that has been done by the "covert censorship of the Catholic Legion of Decency." It laments that Hollywood has not been brave, presumably, has not used such brave words as the editors of the *New Republic*. It believes that the movies are bad, and getting worse. It cannot stand the outrage of portraying such a nice priest as the one in *San Francisco*. The *New Republic* sniffs and says: "We think the letter regrettable," that is, the Pope's letter. The *Nation* is less petulant. Still, it can find "no conceivable justification for the presence of the National Legion of Decency in the cutting rooms and on the production lot in Hollywood," and calls on all non-Catholics "to decide whether they wish to have their films censored in advance by the Catholic Church." It seems to us that the editors of the *New Republic* and the *Nation* might do well if they modernized their views on the Catholic Church, and ceased being so reactionary. Even their respected contemporary, the *New Masses* struck a more intelligent note when it remarked about the Encyclical: "The organized workers in the trade unions and fraternal and cultural organizations are getting the identical idea (i.e., the Pope's). And since the film is the mass art, it is rightfully theirs and not the property of the Catholic hierarchy."

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TURNING over the pages of the same issue of the *New Republic*, one discovers the editors in another hysterical mood of unbounded ecstasy. The cause of the joy is the first Communist Convention. Naively, William P. Mangold tells that the Convention marked the beginning of a "serious attempt by the left-wing forces to make their appeal in an American way, in accordance with American political traditions." One marvels at writer Mangold's admiration of the definitely "native tone" of the new slogans: "For a free, happy, prosperous America"; "Communism is Twentieth Century Americanism." The acceptance speeches, the innocent Mangold relates, of both nominee Browder and nominee Ford "were free from even a passing reference to Marx, Lenin, Stalin or any similar figure." This "stressing of the American revolutionary tradition" by the Communists, the comrade writes for us to believe, is not a superficial

front, not a sugar-coat on a pill, not a dress for a party. Hereafter, author Mangold reports, the Communist leaders are going to win the great masses "through an American approach to the problems of workers and farmers, with a *soft-pedal* on quotations from Marxian authorities." And the brave *New Republic* exults over the reactionary progress of the Communist cause.

PLEASANTLY non-controversial, for all election contestants, is the main proposition adopted by the Communists in their first public convention, held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, on July 1: "The peace, freedom, and security of the people are at stake. Democracy or Fascism, progress or reaction—this is the central issue of 1936." But what on earth has the Communist party to do with democracy? That Hearst and the Liberty League have provided a magnificent sounding board for the Communists, who are no doubt grateful for the installation, does not make the message that comes from the new party platform any clearer. Once they gain a little power, the good old party committees care as little about rights of democracies as did Genghiz Khan—to avoid more contemporary personalities. The same puzzlement is provided by the long series of reforms that Mr. Browder proposes. Many of these are excellent; but why must we eat our pancakes with a specifically Marxian syrup? Most praiseworthy is the plan to "keep war out of the world." The *New Republic*, ever alert to do a good turn, and suavely pointing out the harmless complexion of the platform, lets a cat out of the peace bag by concluding: "The necessary inference is that if war is not kept out of the world, America should go in—and on the right side." The "right side," we presume, is to send our soldiers to Central Asia, Poland, and the Far East to die for money profitably invested in Soviet Russia.

AMAZINGLY simple, as a solution for the problem of relief, is the plan suggested by the editor of the *American Mercury* in its current issue. This, he says, "is to supply every destitute American citizen with food, shelter, and clothing, but not one cent of money. Let the impoverished be given food tickets, vouchers for rent, heat, fuel, etc., and all necessary clothing. But no cash." Also no luxuries. Under such a policy, thinks the editor, the number of those on relief would diminish rapidly. Easy access to the relief rolls and return to them after temporary employment, would immediately reduce the number of those who now prefer the security of relief to the uncertainty of holding a *bona fide* job. "There can be no valid objection," continues the editor, "to this realistic program on any grounds save the political." But, as he accurately remarks, it never has been advocated by any political leader in America and never will be. Any plan, scheme, method, or proposition that would remove from the partisan field the opportunity to balance the desirability of one system of adminis-

tering relief funds against another, would wofully deflate the appeal of our electoral campaigns.

DESPITE partial failures of the League of Nations, Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, President of the Catholic Association for World Peace, still sees the one feasible hope of peace in a union of nations for collective security or cooperative defense. However, he recommends a shift of emphasis. Too much stress, he feels, has been placed on prevention of wars of armies while economic wars have gone unchallenged. Economic disarmament, in his view, must go hand in hand with military disarmament in any struggle for world peace, for economic conditions "give force to the demand for military armaments." Fundamental among the defects of international cooperation has been the insistence on maintaining an "unjust status quo," whereby favored nations remain favored nations, and handicapped nations remain handicapped, the restraint of law being added to the handicap. Sooner or later, driven by hope or despair, they will burst the bonds of that restraint, and war must result. The only solution is the establishment of a just, stable economic order through international justice and charity. And this cannot be achieved unless the favored nations are willing to pay the price of peace, willing to sacrifice some of their privileges that poorer nations may rise to a level of justice.

WITHIN the last two months and only in the diocese of Durango, the following priests and Catholic laymen have been shot. Early in May, Father Benjamin Guzmán was arrested by soldiers as he arrived at his home in the city of Durango. Later his corpse was found horribly mangled in the neighborhood of the ranch of Tapias, general headquarters of the Federal Army in that region. On May 20, Father Rafael Aguilar was arrested by soldiers as he returned home in the morning. He was shot at two p.m. On that very same day a brother and a friend of Father Aguilar were also arrested and shot. On June 12, soldiers went to the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Durango, to look for the pastor. They did not find him and so they arrested the sacristan, an old man of sixty. He has not been heard of again and his body has been looked for in vain. On June 15, two soldiers, disguised as civilians, went to the home of Father Manuel Ferreira. He was arrested and is in prison. It is well to note that not one of these men was brought before a court. Meanwhile, in the city of Puebla, some 200 private houses have been confiscated because religion was taught or because it was presumed that it had been taught in the sanctuary of the owners' own property. Catholic American tourists in Mexico this summer are invited to visit the graves of these good priests and laymen who gave the supreme testimony for their faith. Should they have some difficulty in finding them, let them remember that there are many spies in Mexico. But a little persistence and knowing where to look will enable them to reach these sacred spots.

THOSE TERRIBLE CATHOLIC CONVERTS

Alarm-clocks to wake the Church dormant

MARY E. McLAUGHLIN

SINCE a double portion of inertia has helped me to observe that things and conditions go right along as usual in spite of being so often apprehensively viewed, I am ordinarily a poor view-with-alarm. The waning supply of coal or of gold; women in business; the frequently challenged supremacy of the white race; the totalitarian states in our midst; the freedom of the press; and all other problems for which their followers have frequently bled and died, leave me cold. But while the big-wig reformers are handling these supposedly burning questions, here in our midst is another to which no one is paying the slightest attention; nay, some of our finest Catholic minds are encouraging it day and night. I have decided that something should be done about a much needed drive by those who love Causes, Crusades and Clubs in a big way.

I refer to the *converts* to the Catholic Church, a problem on the face of it harmless, even desirable and necessary, but now dangerous and insidious, and I hereby start the battle cry to rally all Catholic-born members of the Church to get together before we are actually pushed aside and exterminated. Old Catholics, ignite! Despite leaks, sieve-like or chasm-wide, conditions have now come to a pass (in New York City at least, and throughout the English speaking world in general, I imagine), where an "Old Christian" (as Spain once had to designate her non-converts) cannot go to a lecture or a sermon or a literary meeting or a Catholic Action shindig without being made to feel terribly old-fashioned, almost *de trop*, and very much ashamed and annoyed at his forefathers for having (often at great personal sacrifice) kept and actually transmitted the Faith! I never go to a Catholic function but I find the presiding officer a convert, sometimes only brand-new, sometimes of greater maturity, but never by any chance a natural-born Catholic. Now fun is fun, but just where is all this going to end? Are we to stand by idly because we have no startling confession to make? A thousand times, *no!*

And the divers ways these ladies and gentlemen get into our society! There is not one closed door of any description that we can depend upon. I have met those who read themselves in; whom history converted; whom architecture intrigued; whom dis-

cipline or divorce ruling attracted; whom the K.K.K. thrust into our laps; who followed Dr. Delaney or some other great convert; who second-storied in through the stained glass windows of Chartres; or entered with the help of an intelligent maid; who, as a former teacher of mine did, wandered into a Manhattan Island church while Our Lady's statue was being crowned and who ever since has been directing the spiritual destinies of Catholic-born children.

There is simply no entrance that we can guard. These seekers for truth and beauty will find a way and I suppose that soon Saint Thomas More and Father Damien will be sending us their contingents. On a recent vacation I was returning home by boat when the man next to me at dinner introduced the subject of religion and dumbfounded me by saying that *The Magic Mountain* of Thomas Mann was the first thing that ever interested him in Catholicism—so you readily see that *no* book is harmless. I had a few days previous conducted some non-Catholics around the cathedral of Savannah, a woman with two attractive college girls who had never been in a large Catholic church in their lives. They asked about statues, lights, and confessionals. As we approached the Little Flower's shrine I casually mentioned her name. They had never even heard the expression "Little Flower," but that charming name, plus the fact of her contemporaneity fascinated them and set them thinking and questioning. They probably went back to Arkansas and may now be directing the Children of Mary.

A young Jewish tourist, also from the South, whom I met in the Cathedral of New York City, concentrated on confessionals. Like Saint Thomas, he must see and feel and enter first the priest's compartment, then the penitent's, seeking perhaps money or a gun. He complained of the darkness and said the priest could not distinguish the penitent. He asked if the sinner's name and address were taken; how often one could rejoin the Church; how restitution is handled as to money and character; could I give him a *guarantee* that the same secrecy would obtain in a small town where the priest knew everyone as would be possible there; was I perfectly positive that every kind of crime could be forgiven? I presume that this man, as I

encouraged him to do, went back to the Carolinas and bothered the pastor for better and fuller explanations and that he then probably coasted in atop a confessional.

That's just it: there is no practice that won't eventually attract some type; this shows the danger we are in. I have even heard of a Puritanical dowager passing through the Philippines on a round-the-world cruise being first repelled, then attracted, by seeing the priest, immediately following his Mass, going off with his server to a cock fight. She is now in the church, perhaps lecturing learnedly on the liturgy.

Now we, the eldest child, born to the purple, the heirs, are also very often auxiliary members of the Church Dormant and are apathetic to the point of spiritual pernicious anemia. We take things easy, be they saints or scandals, having lived with both for nearly two thousand years and we follow the comfortable *laissez-faire* rule of most other aristocrats. But these newcomers, intoxicated with the certitude and beauty of the Church, her ceremony, her saintly members dead and living, must needs be up and doing, writing or preaching or soap-boxing, bent on shaming us or at least rousing us from our cherished lethargy.

My suggestion is first to start a defensive movement while there is still time; this embarrassing influx continues both day and night. Then, I recommend a *Kontrol the Konvert Kwota* while we formulate other offensive plans.

If we can succeed in confining these members to a reasonably small majority, I have hopes that our inferiority complex will gradually disappear and that we and our children's children may even stand up boldly and not quail or blush on admitting that we are Old Catholics; that both our parents were honest-to-goodness Catholics; likewise our four grandparents; that we have no remembrances of atheistic, Jewish or Protestant days; that we cannot remember a time when we could not bless ourselves; never had a room without Our Lady's picture; never dreamed a Catholic child belonged but in a Catholic school; never felt that the support of our press was not a *noblesse oblige* affair which we could not shirk; never had illuminatingly swift or torturingly slow inspirations regarding the abode of truth; never thought of the many saints except as members of a distant branch of the family; never felt a powerful urge toward Rome for we never for a moment felt that the Papacy was not part and parcel of our pride and joy and responsibility.

Now all this may sound very snobbish, not to say utterly opposed to the spirit of Catholicism, but after all, while the eleventh-hour workers will receive as much as we, there is no record that the first-hour workers may not have banded together in self-defense when they saw the rush. We must protect ourselves, so let us unite and not feel ashamed or inferior or uninteresting when next we listen to some charming and persuasive convert speak feelingly or vigorously on Catholic Action.

IN IRELAND IT'S WELCOME HOME

Most democratic country that ever you saw

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

WHEN I stepped out of the taxi in Limerick town, a complete stranger stepped up and with a smile on his unmistakably Irish face said: "Welcome home, Father." I was flattered but puzzled. "Thanks; but I've never been here before. However," in a hope of salvaging a bit of the welcome, "my family on my mother's side left Ireland about ninety years ago." "Then, Father," he said, "of course, it's welcome home."

He was right. Italy is beautiful. Austria is heart-rendingly wistful. Switzerland has made the Alps neat. England is, despite its problems, confidently self-assured. But Ireland is, to any traveler from

America, warm, embracing, and as welcoming as home. More than that, to a Catholic, Ireland is, beyond any land I touched in Europe, full of faith and rich in the religion of its people.

Some years ago, Francis Stuart in *Pigeon Irish* made a hopeful if somewhat fantastic prophecy. He looked forward to the sweep of that new deluge that has already risen high; he saw the next war let loose as the external symbol of the deluge of destructive forces that are sweeping faith and liberty before them; and on the waters of this new deluge he saw little Ireland floating like an ark that contained the elements of faith and culture and

civilization and respect for human rights which, when the deluge had subsided, would be the basis of the new world. It seemed a large order for little Ireland, and yet. . . .

To me, Ireland seemed uniquely a hope in this mad modern world.

Despotism, stark, brutal, more ruthless because more efficient than any tyranny of recorded history, marches across the continent. All the while, democracy grows stronger in Ireland. I sat and talked with de Valera and felt that, with the Holy Father, he was the sanest, most democratic statesman in modern Europe. He is great enough to believe in the people and to trust democratic forms of government. The fact is that Ireland is showing clean democratic heels to the rest of the world in its election by proportional representation. The votes of its people are not the party-riddled votes of France, nor the whip-dictated votes of Germany, nor the choral votes of Italy and Austria, but the expression of a free people's desire to have both majority and minority take part in the Government. The Dail comes closest, as far as I could see, to a completely democratic body.

The greatest construction job being done on the continent today is the armies and navies and air forces. But not in Ireland. That black figure that, like some ugly imagining of an Arabian Night is being summoned from the mouth of cannons, has no duplicate in Ireland. Their construction job is different. Everywhere you find the Government building houses for the people. Snug little houses are replacing the hovels of landlord days; and the shacks of the Galway fisher folk are giving way to modern sanitary cottages. Ireland's agriculture is being revolutionized. "Grow wheat!" plead the posters you see everywhere. They are no longer growings the one crop that an alien master permitted and would buy. They are learning to raise what they need to make themselves self-sustaining, as they are building their home industries to care for the manufactured goods they use and for the employment of their manhood.

On the continent you too often feel the bad breath of atheism in one of its dozen modern manifestations. Russia, of course, is, in a peculiar kind of parody on the dedication of nations to God and His Son, dedicated to a war on God and His Son. Germany offers the pot-bellied, beer-swilling Teuton gods to a people who had known the tender Christ and the sweet-faced Mary, and expects Nordic fairy tales to take the place of revealed religion. You are left in little doubt about the widespread practice of state worship. Too frequently you find its creed, its ritual, its demi-gods and its human sacrifices.

Culture in Europe stands in peril of being overwhelmed by a gross caricature of culture called propaganda. Art, literature, drama, even music and education, are required to bolster up the lies of that particular group of tyrants who happen to be telling the people what they may think and do and how they may read and worship.

Ireland seems to be in the happy agony of a recovered national culture. The return of the Irish

language is simply a return to the days when Ireland was a complete nation and not the captive at chariot wheels. The National University has outstripped rich and Protestant Trinity. You see children flocking to school by the thousands—and children in Ireland are counted by the thousands. The early morning trains are filled with boys and girls, young men and women, on their way to the higher schools. Two art theaters are operating in Dublin. National exhibits of arts and crafts are announced on frequent walls. Every effort is being made to salvage the traditions of ancient days and to build it up, and to build it high, out of the heart of the present Ireland.

No one has ever doubted that it is a beautiful Ireland. But I found it a wonderfully clean Ireland with whitewash on every wall and no sign of the ancient libel of "pigs in the parlor." More than that, I seemed to find it a hopeful Ireland. And I thought: Maybe the prophecy of Francis Stuart was a true one. Perhaps Ireland is preparing itself for its next apostolate. It carried the Faith to a large section of the world. Is it getting ready to bear in its beautiful little island, as in a safe ark, the faith of Peter and Patrick, the culture of Latin, Greek, and Gael, and the free institutions of democracy? The next years may see a strange historic repetition.

Of course, underneath I heard rumblings that were disquieting. People spoke of Communism, but it seemed a different sort of Communism, somehow, just because it was Irish. Poverty is widespread. Inflammatory signs on the walls of Cobh called young Irishmen to disavow the present government because it had not completely broken with England and after Sunday's High Mass (characteristic touch) to meet in Casement Square to renew allegiance to the Republic Army. De Valera is criticized because he has not in a few months completely restored to prosperity a land drained of its resources for centuries. Cattle owners groan because, when de Valera refused England its annual tribute, England slapped an equivalent tariff on Ireland's fresh meat coming into England, causing, of course, considerable inconvenience.

Though one hates to admit it, there seems to be more than a possible peril of a return to the days when Ireland was divided between warring kings. There are no kings now, but the beginnings of too many political parties, fatal to a democratic government. As the ancient wharf keeper in Cobh said, with a shake of his head: "We're a small land, Father, and a poor one. What will we do with all these political parties, and too many leaders in each?" I readily confessed I could not answer his question.

Still, you cannot touch Ireland without coming away happy. They are not looking back; they are looking forward. They are thinking of more freedom for the people, still to be won. They are holding and carrying forward the best of their ancient culture. They are sturdily Catholic. They have the faith and they practise it. Ireland has been the ark before. It may be the ark when the apparently unescapable man-made deluge sweeps over the rest of Europe.

BACK TO TIMES BEFORE PROHIBITION

Youth again agrees to take the pledge

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S.J.

AS Eastern Representative of the Sodality Movement, I attended the High-School Students' Spiritual Leadership Convention held in St. Louis, July 3-5. This was the Sixth Biennial Convention. Every one of the six has been a thriller: but this was the thrillerest. Why? Because in this Convention it was brought home to us that we were facing a new generation. At no time was this more emphatically evidenced than when we discussed the problem of alcohol.

Vivid memories were fresh in my mind. Before similar groups in 1934 and in 1932 had been laid resolutions bearing on strong drink. Instant and utter rebellion ensued. Not once was a hearing gained. And remember, the resolution each time read was not for obligatory abstinence, but that abstinence should be held up as an *ideal* for young people. We knew in 1932 and again in 1934 that we were facing the very cream of Catholic youth gathered from every corner of the United States. Student after student would tell their fellows that they did not drink, that they had no intention of drinking. But, against the resolution holding out the abstinence *ideal* they stood adamant.

We knew all this, and we stood baffled. How explain this seeming contradiction! Then slowly but surely and devastatingly the conviction seized on us: these were the victims of prohibition's sordid tragedy. They had not handled the tragedies of wrecked young lives that it had left in its wake. They had not taken young girls by the hand and led them back from the threshold of despair after an attack which was due to one-drink-too-many—and that was at times the first "spiked" drink.

They knew only that an organized governmental attempt to regiment men and women had brought more drinking than before, had ruined social life and had cheapened the Government in the eyes of all. Hence, they would have none of such attempts. It was a personal problem, and each boy and girl must work it out without let or hindrance from any one. So they killed the resolution each time.

Thus it was that on Saturday morning, July 4, I faced my beloved youngsters with deep questioning in my heart. Calmly and deliberately and restrainedly I outlined the problem, painting the dangers but not luridly, since exaggeration always repels.

I told them I knew I was handling dynamite. "Long have I dreamed, often have I pleaded in Catholic colleges and high schools that some time, somewhere some groups of Catholic students will be brave enough to start the crusade."

And then I stopped, and braced myself for the conflict. But to my delighted consternation I found the 225 in the audience were almost unanimously with me. There was no dynamite, or else some one had stolen the fuse! There was discussion, but it was a discussion which clarified. Not only would they hold out the *ideal* of total abstinence but they would hold out the *pledge*, too. And thus the recommendation was framed; it passed with only three dissenting votes. This recommendation was then brought before the entire body of 700 delegates in the next general session. There again it was passed quite unanimously, and the High-School Spiritual Leadership Convention in the Sixth Biennial Session went on record: "Be it resolved that the pledge of total abstinence from strong drink until the age of 21 be held out as an ideal to every high-school student."

Father Lord and the rest of us could hardly believe our ears. Was it but a dream? No, a real vision, a vision of a new youth growing up beyond the shadows of the worst experiment our Government has ever made, growing up out in the glorious sunshine of the true Catholic attitude of willing self-denial, of willing self-protection, of voluntary resolution to help the weaker brother and sister, of eager determination to offer up reparation to the Sacred Heart for the pitiful drinking sins of others.

Those of us who are close to youth know that the problem of drinking is lessening; but we know, too, that it is still one of the major difficulties for boys and girls to face. But now, we have a new generation facing it squarely and with determination. Student after student called attention to the need of God's grace, and one called for a daily renewal of the pledge along with the morning offering. They were not "hitting the saw dust trail" in a moment of emotional excitement. No, they weighed the problem with the weights of God, and then they took their stand and voted for an ideal that they knew would cost much. They were willing to pay the price of attainment.

SOVIET RUSSIA'S NEW CONSTITUTION

Religious guarantees are words, only words

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

DAWN of a new day, fulfilment of age-long desires, are some of the terms applied in Soviet Russia to the new draft (*proyekt*) of the proposed Constitution of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, promulgated on June 11 of this year. "The new Constitution," says Prof. A. N. Reformatsky (Moscow *Pravda*, June 23), "is destined to change the life of the entire world, the life of all mankind, which struggles frantically in the search for happiness." "The path to happiness," it is called by Prof. M. I. Averdakh; "a magnificent historical document," in the words of Prof. B. A. Arkhangel'sky; "the thoughts and ideas of the great Stalin," says Prof. B. V. Stark. Translated into the various national dialects, it is being read and expounded to the peoples of Central Asia and Georgia and Siberia. "Destined to set up more democratic rule," is the label of the New York *Times*. And it is hailed as guaranteeing religious freedom.

How far do the facts bear this assertion out?

The following rights are guaranteed to citizens of the USSR in Chapter X, articles 118 to 127 inclusive: the right to work; the right to rest; to material security; to education; equal rights for women; "freedom of conscience"; freedom of speech, press, assembly, etc.; of organization; inviolability of the person; asylum to foreign citizens. These declarations are followed by statements of certain obligations, concluding with article 122, prescribing universal military service, and article 133: "The defense of the fatherland is the sacred duty of every citizen of the USSR. Treason to the fatherland: violation of oath, desertion to the enemy, impairing the military might of the State, or espionage for a foreign State, is punishable with the full severity of the law as the most heinous crime."

Article 124, on religious freedom, reads as follows: "To ensure to citizens freedom of conscience the Church in the USSR is separated from the State, and the School from the Church. Freedom to perform religious rites (*otpravlyeniya religioznykh kultov*) and freedom of anti-religious propaganda is recognized for all citizens."

All the religious freedom that this article guarantees is "freedom to perform religious rites"; just that, and nothing more: a vague license for cere-

monial observances. While the State is still free to employ the immense might of education and force to root out religion from the hearts and minds of the people through anti-religious propaganda, no permission is accorded for any form of "religious propaganda"; any defense of religion, any preaching or doctrinal instruction; any form of religious organization; any construction of ecclesiastical edifices; any exercise of religion's social and charitable side.

In other words, religion is to be reduced, once and for all, to the mere shell of an empty ceremony, a survival to be tolerated for the sake of illustrating the superstitions of the past, and no more.

In order to determine the actual sense in which this omission of any religious guarantees in the new Soviet Constitution is to be taken, it is necessary to recall that the decree on religion of April 8, 1929, is still in force. The Constitution, after all, is only a general declaration of principles. The application and administration of these principles is by governmental decree. As the new Constitution itself says (article 67): "Decisions and orders of the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR have obligatory force and must be carried out throughout the entire territory of the USSR." Short work is thus made of "cultural autonomy," if it conflicts with the plans, military or otherwise, of the central power.

A Supreme Court is established by the Constitution, which is the "highest judicial organ" (article 105); but no power is assigned to it to hold the administrative power to these abstract declarations of human rights. The best that is offered is that the Prosecutor of the USSR shall be vested with the "highest supervision of the exact observance of the laws by all People's Commissariats and institutions under them," and everybody else; which simply means that the central administration keeps its well-known machinery for seeing that its decrees are carried out.

The decree of April 8, 1929, forbids participation in religious worship to persons under eighteen; forbids religious associations, except "cult associations"; forbids any activity for ministers of worship outside their own places of worship and the

domicile of any of the members of the "cult association."

Judicial decrees go still further, and expressly deny to parents any right whatsoever to instruct their children in religion. The Soviet Government, according to these, has the "right and the duty" to prevent any such filling of children's heads with "prejudices."

But does the new Constitution show at least a trend toward liberty, that might be expected in time to prevail—as a more congenial climate—over the decrees yet unabrogated? There is nothing in the text that could be held to favor such an interpretation.

Under the new Constitution discrepancies are ironed out that existed among the local constitutions of the various Republics that make up the USSR. Prior to this a very slight concession was made to the semblance of liberty in the following fashion: The 'workers' were assured of a 'real liberty of conscience' in the Russian Soviet Republic (RSFSR), White Russia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Turkmenistan, and Uzbekistan, by their various constitutions.

The "liberty of religious propaganda" as well as of "anti-religious propaganda" was permitted for White Russia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia. Even

these were slight; hardly more than verbal concessions are lost in the wording of the new Constitution. (How scant a liberty was implied in "religious propaganda" may be seen from the words of Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, who applied the term "some form of religious propaganda" to the language of President Roosevelt, when the latter asked him a few informal questions about religion, in the course of a private conversation!)

If the new Constitution denotes any change in the Soviet attitude toward freedom of conscience, it is a change in a backward, not a liberalizing direction.

As was frankly stated by Representative John W. McCormack, of Massachusetts, in his address in Congress on June 22 of this year, the simple and obvious way for the rulers of Soviet Russia to show that their widely hailed announcement of greater religious freedom means reality and not empty words would be to liberate the hundreds of clergymen of various religions now undergoing untold hardships in the prisons of Solovyetzky Island, Yaroslav, Vyatka, and elsewhere. Let them prove their sincerity by letting the practice of religious freedom begin here and now! Such an action will be convincing.

JOHN AND JANE GO TO COLLEGE

May they be as lovable a year hence

JOHN WILTBYE

INCONTROVERTIBLE is the proposition that no one in all this world knows so much about everything as Jane who has just turned her sixteenth year; except, perhaps, Bellinda who has just turned her seventeenth. As to the young male of the species, I speak with some diffidence, but I have generally found him a bit less bumptious. He carries his heart on his sleeve, and his countenance betrays his thoughts. He believes, ingenuous youth, that he is a very Sphinx, but his wiles deceive none.

Not so is it with Jane or Bellinda. I will not say that she can smile and smile and be a villain still, for in her young composition there is but small admixture of evil. I will merely note that with your lad a smile or a wail is an honest thing, while with Jane and Bellinda the one and the other can be used for cryptic ends.

And that upsets us oldsters. With senile fury we argue that these young people will be the death of us. We want peace and quiet, we whose polls are powdered with the dust of life's highway. All we ask is liberty to totter along to the turn of the road, that last turn that cannot be far away. But we cannot let them alone, much as they resent what they term, and may be, our meddling. They are so bright, so eager, so sure that with their pennyworth of wisdom and knowledge they can meet a sophisticated old world, and win their way to sure and speedy happiness.

Poor little men and women! They do not know that this world is a Minotaur which daily swallows up a regiment of their heedless army. They do not know what the world is, or what wisdom is, and, worst of all, they do not know what happiness is.

We are not wafted into this world, trailing clouds of glory, or, if the poet must be credited, they soon are dissipated. We begin life with weeping, and fitly, for as Holy Church tells us, this world is a vale of tears. It looks bright only to inexperienced eyes, but we elders need no Newman come from the grave to tell us that. What we need is some method of telling that truth to our young people in a way that they can understand. Parents too need enlightenment.

These thoughts were prompted by Jane and John who an hour ago passed my garden gate. I know them both, and knew their fathers and mothers, and occasionally they have a word for me. Jane and John are going to college next year. Jane has selected the institution which will be graced by her presence. Its social advantages are undeniable. John too has picked out his school. You can read all about it on the sporting pages of your newspaper during the football season. Their respective parents have acquiesced. Like good parents, as good parents are rated in these days of an inverted Fourth Commandment, they never disobey their children. I do not think that either will read for honors or be chosen for Phi Beta Kappa. Their intentions are not academic, but in their set college follows high school, as night follows day. They must keep up with the procession.

I know these schools too. Each is non-sectarian, that is, as Pius XI has written, in practice irreligious. Each has its professors who at least once a year in pamphlet, book, or public address, attack the foundations of the Christian revelation, and some of them, I am told, are campus heroes. I wonder what their effect will be on Jane and John. Will they come home next year with deeper faith in God, with their little store of religion unimpaired, with clean hearts?

If they fall under the influence of these professors, they will not. "In practically every institution you will find the anti-Christ, anti-God, anti-Bible, and anti-moral professor," said Judge Harry S. McDevitt in an address at Philadelphia some weeks ago. "These are the shock troops that wear down the home-taught morals. They are not so labeled; they masquerade as intellectual, enlightened men and women, scientific thinkers." Can Jane and John, exposed to these propagandists, escape their murderous influence?

Let me suggest certain facts upon which an answer may be based. The "anti-Christ, anti-God, anti-Bible, and anti-moral" teacher has been a characteristic of the American college for half a century. Professing neutrality in religion, the college has suffered its teachers to attack religion. To uphold religion is "unneutral," but to malign it is not "unneutral." Thus the college and the public-school system have merged into a vast and powerful organization, controlling the minds of more than ninety per cent of our young people. If Pius XI is right in his conclusion that, in practice, a school cannot maintain religious neutrality, but must become irreligious, then we have in this country a huge educational machine which is fast turning our young people against the God of their

fathers, and against the principles of religion and morality which, according to Washington, are necessary for the preservation of our constitutional form of government.

Here, I think, we find the reason why membership in the various religious groups has steadily declined. Today, about two-thirds of our people have no affiliation of any sort with any church. Of those who still retain membership, many neither believe in the tenets which their church proposes, nor accept the basic fact of Divine revelation. A purely secular education has produced a godless generation. Twenty years from today, Jane and John will be what most Americans are today—at best, indifferent to the claims of Almighty God upon their souls.

It is a mystery to me how fathers and mothers can be blind to the dangers of this alleged education. They would not permit their children to associate with the local police characters, yet they entrust them to schools in which they are closely associated with teachers and professors whose influence will be infinitely more perilous. Satan is not a bar-room roisterer, whose language and mien repel. He is a doctor of philosophy who in suave language can persuade a boy or girl that God is a myth. The roisterer is comparatively harmless. He makes no attempt, as does the anti-God, anti-moral professor, to destroy the foundations upon which faith and good living rest.

Libraries and laboratories, a beautiful environment and a huge endowment, do not make a school. A school is made by its teachers, and as the teachers are, so will the influence of the school be. That is why the Church does not rest even after she prescribes that "all the teaching and the whole organization of the school," whether it be a kindergarten or a university, "and its teachers, syllabus, and textbooks in every branch be regulated by the Christian spirit." (*Encyclical on Education*; Pius XI.) She further ordains, as Pius IX wrote to the Bishops of Ireland (March 20, 1854): "Let the professors of the university show themselves in all ways models of well-doing, in their teaching, and in their integrity and sincerity of life. They should have nothing more at heart than to fashion with all care the minds of the young to the practice of religion, to uprightness of conduct, and all virtuous dealing."

Only a school so equipped is a "fit place" for a Catholic student. But it is not less unfit for any student. Secularized education is not proscribed as bad for Catholic children, but as bad for all children, since it is founded on a philosophy which eliminates Almighty God.

John and Jane have just passed my gate again. As they wave to me, there is a prayer in my heart that they will be as lovable a year hence. They are not Catholic children, but they are God's children, and my heart goes out to them. At the very time when they, secure in their own untutored estimation, most need protection, they are exposed to ruin. . . . My creaking sinews bear me and my fears for them stiffly up, as night falls, and I go into my house.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

FEUDALISM NOT ALL DEAD

ACCORDING to Ogden Nash, whose attention recently was focused (in the *New Yorker*) upon the seventeen-year locust, what these creatures particularly suffer from is the fact that they are born again into a changed world, but still remain seventeen-year locusts. After looking at a few million of them while I was visiting one of their present convention territories I came to the same conclusion, at least as to their repetitiveness.

The same note of pathos is struck when we find feudalism turning up again in the modern world, after we thought that it had been decently buried some centuries ago. That is what has happened, according to Luigi Criscuolo, investment banker, and officer of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher, who has some remarks to this effect in the *New York Times* for July 12. Contrary to common opinion, says Mr. Criscuolo, Americans did not get away from the "feudalism of Europe":

The descendants of the very men and women who wanted to get away from formulas and set rules and came here in 1620 and 1820 and 1890 created eventually a feudalism ruled by capital, a state in which the extremes of capitalism might be its eventual downfall. It is human to want to possess, but it is dangerous to want to possess everything that everybody else possesses.

According to Mr. Criscuolo, European feudalism was converted here into American capitalism which is more powerful than any European feudalism of the past. "The European feudal system might have been perfected but for the greediness of its leaders." His conclusion is that:

If there be not an intelligent and benevolent capitalism that can reconstruct peaceably what ought to have been a good economic and political scheme, let the forces of capitalism realize that the discontented communistic minority of today may develop into a force in the next few years that may reconstruct the scheme by violent means, or perhaps entirely destroy it in the effort and pave the way for the totalitarian State that everybody here is beginning to fear.

"Finance and industry and politics should take inventory now, and not try to grab all that the traffic will bear."

The capitalistic spirit is not a matter of gross avarice. Amintore Fanfani, of the University of Milan, Mr. Criscuolo's fellow-countryman, defines it as "that attitude adopted by a man toward the problems of wealth, its acquisition and use, when he holds that wealth is simply a means for the unlimited, individualistic, and utilitarian satisfaction of all possible human needs." Such a man, says

Fanfani, will never believe that he has fully perfected the means of seeking and acquiring wealth.

Scholars have grubbed and speculated for decades as to just how capitalism came into being. All are agreed that it was no sudden appearance, nor was it, as was taught for a while, simply a product of Protestantism, though Protestantism favored its growth by breaking down restrictions which the Catholic Church at the close of the Middle Ages, tried to lay upon the new tendency. Jakob Strieder, a German scholar whose work, *Zur Genesis des modernen Kapitalismus* (*The Genesis of Modern Capitalism*) has recently been republished after thirty years, holds that in Augsburg, the home of the Fuggers and Welsers and other great pioneers of capitalism and high finance, the spirit of capitalistic enterprise arose very gradually through the course of time.

What brings my thought back to the repetitive seventeen-year locusts is that the new order of living was preparing its eventual downfall by fundamentally the same methods that led to the downfall of feudalism: it over-reached the good opportunities for its own and the world's happiness that the Creator had granted it.

Kindred thoughts are expressed by a correspondent who writes in that "the Pilgrim has been thumbing a ride on my roadster," though he "will not know it." J. C. W.'s idea is that "we have not changed so much, and that when the Church was near enough to being universal there were just as many nations as there are now."

"Isn't it possible," he asks, "to find within the Church before 1500, resemblances, modified of course, to the process of selection that has given us the many varieties of Protestant sects?" He makes interesting comparisons between the various reverend Orders and the Mennonites or Amish, Wesley, the Quakers, even the Puritans and Cromwell. "The fact that these sects began to appear so soon after Elizabeth decided to regiment religion in England seemed to me to have in it a relation between cause and effect. If so, then there must have previously been room for such divergences within the old Church."

All of which leads him to ask whether today we have as many "escape valves" for the different temperaments as they did of old. Or are we too strong on regimentation?

In answer to J. C. W. I hazard the opinion that regimentation comes to Catholics from without, from the conditions under which they practise their religion. Opposition and misunderstanding make us close our ranks in self-defense. As Catholic life develops richly from its own philosophy, social, economic, and otherwise, it finds place for every "ministry of the spirit."

THE PILGRIM.

GOVERNMENT LIMITATIONS

SPEAKING at the University of Rochester last month, Walter Lippmann observed that democracy had survived in this country because we have always had a free press, a free school, and a free church. Church, school, and press, all independent of the Government, have continually reminded the people that they must rely upon themselves, rather than upon any political administration, for the preservation of their political liberties, and for economic and social progress.

There is a large element of truth in this diagnosis. The first move in the campaign of every usurper is against the press, the school, and the church, and once he is established, all three are heavily fettered. As long as these three remain independent, or even retain an appreciable degree of freedom, his tenure is insecure.

Our fathers planned a government to establish justice and a more perfect union among the dissident States of the Confederation. But because they feared the ambition of officials, they provided a government of limited and enumerated powers, to the end that we might be ruled by laws and a constitution, and not by men, however wise and beneficent. The Government was not to be the master of the citizen. It was to be, emphatically, his servant.

The theory still remains. But the actuality did not long survive the rise of the machine age. Imperceptibly, government in America began to assume the prerogatives of overlordship. Under the new industrialism, the protection of property rights became the chief duty of government, even to the detriment of human rights, more sacred in themselves, and more necessary for the maintenance of good government. Government by men succeeded the old actuality of government by law, when law became merely the expression of the wish of small groups of men of property who desired to retain and increase their holdings.

Government must now shift its course, and return to its legitimate field. Emphasis is to be laid upon protection of the rights of individuals, specifically of wage earners and the poor. The change is wholesome, necessary, yet it is attended with serious dangers. Too much reliance may be placed upon government, and too little upon individual and collective action by the citizens themselves. We may expect and demand from the government what it cannot give, and should not give. That way lies dictatorship.

For no government, State or Federal, has a magic formula which can end all our social and economic ills. The administration of government is entrusted to men, with the wisdom, possibly, but also with the weakness and the foibles of our kind. Surely, government, State and Federal, must do more for the wage earner, and for economic and industrial reform, than it has done during these dark years of *laissez faire*. But we must not expect it to do everything.

THE SCHOOL FOR CATHOLICS

ONLY one school is "fit" for a Catholic student. It is the school in which religion is "in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training." The principle applies to all schools, from the kindergarten to the university. This is not a private opinion. It is the plain teaching of Pius XI in the Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, and it binds all Catholics. Without due authorization from the Ordinary, to whom judgment in every case is exclusively reserved, no Catholic may with a safe conscience entrust his child to any school but a Catholic school.

THE MILLS PRIOR

THAT John L. Green will succeed in unionizing the steel mills is fairly probable, but not within six months. The task may take six years. But it must be accomplished if the workers in these mills are to be permitted to exercise their right, founded on the natural law, of organizing with their fellows for genuine collective bargaining.

The workers will need the support of the public. Secure in their possession of great wealth, the owners have defied the workers, and they are prepared to dismantle the mills rather than yield. But not until the last labor spy has been unmasked, and the last *provocateur* has been jailed, will they take this action. Because of their financial resources, a strike will mean little to them. In point of fact, there are indications that some, at least, of the owners, are preparing to foment a strike.

One city of 30,000 inhabitants is practically controlled by a subsidiary of a great steel corporation. The company even owns the water supply and the street railways, and it maintains a police force. Two years ago an attempt was made to form a legitimate union in the mills, but the campaign failed. According to the findings of the National Labor Relations Board, the efforts of the union organizers were thwarted "by systematic terror." Organizers and officers of the union were kept under constant surveillance by the company police, the name of every man who spoke to them was taken, and "some were mysteriously beaten." No place for a meeting could be obtained in the

THE SCHOOL FOR ALL

BUT the school without religion is unfit for any student, unless the purpose is to educate him for atheism or indifferentism. Professing to be "neutral" in religion, this school in practice, writes Pius XI, "is bound to become irreligious." This reasoned opinion of the Pontiff is borne out by experience everywhere. The secularized school is not only bad for the Catholic student, but bad for every student, since it is bad in principle and bad in its influence. As long as God is God, there is no human activity from which God and His law can safely be excluded, and least of all from education.

S PREPARE FOR WAR

whole city, and the workers were obliged to gather their forces in an open lot in a town across the river.

This steel company now appeals to the public for help "in protecting our workers against paid organizers and trouble-makers trying to enforce un-American methods." It claims that the union now existing among the workers has been chosen by them voluntarily, and that they desire no other. According to the findings of the National Labor Relations Board, however, this company has been repeatedly guilty of "unfair practices." The union was not chosen by the men, but announced by the company. It was never submitted to a vote of the employees, but after it had been set up by the company, the workers were "invited to elect employee representatives."

It is regrettable that the Senate failed to act upon the La Follette resolution calling for an investigation of the alleged purchase by many steel companies of rifles, revolvers, machine guns, and explosive. If the steel companies and other corporations are at liberty to raise private armies, and to meet the arguments for collective bargaining by first fomenting a strike, and then shooting the workers down, the country should know about it. These practices do more to win recruits for Communism than a thousand propagandists from Moscow. For their own safety, the States concerned and the Federal Government should at once investigate and take appropriate action.

JUST NOISE

YEARS ago the managers of the old vaudeville theaters always knew how a faltering act could be propped up. They reached into their stores of experience, and pulled out large quantities of what was known as "hokum."

Essentially, "hokum" is an appeal to the emotions; in vaudeville, it was usually a reference to home, or mother, or the American flag. Provided that his general theme was his dear old mother, the most raucous of tenors would be rewarded by the customary thunders of applause, lightened by whistling and stamping in the gallery. Should the trained seals suffer from stage fright on their first appearance, or in any manner distress their zealous trainer by their insufferable stupidity, he had only to provide each of these interesting animals with a flag, to be waved by a flipper on entrance at the right, and anything that might follow would be greeted with the most gratifying applause. "Bring out the hokum," was the rule, "unless you want the spectators to sit on their hands."

Today, the vaudeville stage has vanished, but "hokum" is in even greater demand. No political manager could earn his salary without a liberal supply; for a recent instance, we need go no farther than the national conventions of the Democrats and the Republicans. At both gatherings, a machine, something like a seismograph, was employed to record the applause which greeted the various speakers. The machine is not quite perfect, for it fails to indicate what particular remark evokes the maximum of noise, and this defect must be remedied by an observer, who, as he listens, makes a cryptic mark on the graph. After the sessions, the graph can be studied, and the sentiments arranged for future use, according to a scale calculated to 1,000 points. The machine is based on the theory that the human animal will respond with a yell as often as he hears the statement of a principle of government which he approves. Similarly, the absence of a full-throated yell is assumed to mean disapprobation.

As a rule, politicians know little of metaphysics. They are a practical race and they rarely deal with abstractions. Theories of government mean nothing to them, but the important thing is to "get out the vote." Hence, we cannot say that they were wrong when they arranged for these noise machines at the conventions. We can only permit ourselves to remark that we heartily wish they were wrong.

Yet it does not seem to us that the ability to yell, thoroughly qualifies one to choose the best man for President. Were that true, the choice should long ago have been left solely to the late "Joe" Humphries, announcer at all our major prize fights for the last quarter-century. As a son of Stentor, he was an unqualified success.

We shall hear plenty of noise during the coming campaign, and most of it will be nothing more than the application of air against the vocal chords.

It will have no center in the brain. It is quite possible to utter words of wisdom in tones that fairly deafen, but it seems to us, speaking, we admit, from a meager experience, that wise men usually communicate their thoughts and conclusions in an ordinary tone of voice. Noise and wisdom are not so commonly associated as bread and butter, or skittles and beer, and wisdom is found in the still small voice of reason somewhat oftener than in the whirling winds of political emotion.

Still, the campaign may uncover speakers with arguments worth considering. For that, let us pray. Joint debates once were common in this country, and an affair of this kind, with the President and Mr. Landon as the chief speakers, would probably be enlightening. But if these gentlemen cannot or will not imitate Lincoln and Douglas, their places might be filled by their authorized representatives. Much profit could be gathered from these joint debates, but there is little or none in these love feasts where one party makes all the noise, and one speaker gets all the applause.

SALVAGING YOUTH

ACCORDING to a bulletin recently issued by the Children's Bureau at Washington, our reformatories for young people do not reform their charges. At least, the change in manners which they acquire is not stable. Within a short time, they are again in the hands of the authorities, and this time, usually, with a more serious offense charged against them.

To workers for the young there is nothing new in these findings. Probably some of them will reply that the institution is only one step in the youth's reform, and that if the salvaging process is not kept up after he leaves the institution, it might just as well have not been begun. In this comment they are right, and the Bureau agrees with them, at least in part. The failure of the reformatory to reform is really the failure of these youths to find a proper environment, in which the degree of reform reached in the institution can be increased and stabilized. A bad home almost inevitably breeds criminals, and it is to a home of this kind that most of these young people return.

Where shall we find the remedy? At present, as Owen D. Young observed at the meeting in New York last week of the American Youth Commission, it is not uncommon for groups dealing with young people to pass their difficult problems on to some other group, so that in the end nothing of permanent value has been accomplished. The schools claim they are doing all that is possible, and put the responsibility on employer and labor groups. These, in turn, call on relief agencies and associations for the prevention of crime, and the agencies and associations, having no resources that are adequate, "are likely to say that it is the problem of government." All these groups must realize, thinks Mr. Young, that the responsibility belongs to none exclusively, but to all working in harmony.

A union of forces would bring us nearer to a

solution of what to do with youth recently released from the reformatory. It would also help us to provide more adequately for the protection of young people who have never been sent to an institution, but who will shortly be there, unless they mend their ways. Idleness is undoubtedly a contributory factor in delinquency, even when the home conditions are fairly good. According to Homer P. Rainey, director of the Commission, about forty per cent of the sixteen to twenty-four-year old group, are neither in school nor in gainful employment. The gravity of this situation is apparent. Some of these young people can be cared for, with some success, by private and public agencies. Many, however, resist these agencies, and cannot be obliged to cooperate with them. From idleness they easily slip into misdemeanors or into actual crime.

To provide for these unfortunate youths to the extent of his ability is emphatically the duty of every citizen. It is the duty of the state to supplement their work and the work of every private and public association by all means in its power. The task is common to all of us, as Mr. Young well said, and it imposes upon us a real responsibility.

OUR STEWARDSHIP

WHATEVER we have, has not been given us to use for selfish purposes. Temporal blessings, writes Leo XIII, whether they be external or corporeal, or gifts of the mind, are bestowed upon us by Almighty God, and He expects us to use them according to the Divine plan made known to us. All that we have is to be used to help us to perfect our nature; but at the same time, writes the Pontiff, we must employ them for the benefit of others as "stewards of God's Providence."

To be wealthy and to be good is not an easy task. Yet wealthy men have become canonized Saints, and perhaps we have met poor men who certainly do not seem to ambition the honors of the altar. The difference between the two lies precisely in the manner in which each fulfills his stewardship. The rich man uses his temporal possessions to aid him in serving God, and he never forgets that he must share them with the poor. The poor man has his gifts too, for none of us are so poor as to be wholly destitute of all talent and influence, but either he does not use them at all, or he deliberately misuses them.

Every child of God can be and must be, in his degree, a steward of God's Providence. As the Gospel read tomorrow indicates, we shall all be asked to give an account of our stewardship. To prepare for that accounting, we are bidden look to the wisdom of the children of this world, who suffer no opportunity for gain to escape them. If we could only realize it, it is not only more profitable to serve God rather than Mammon, but much easier. God promises an eternal reward to His faithful stewards, and helps us to be faithful. Satan promises happiness, and gives only misery in time and for eternity.

CHRONICLE

LABOR IMPASSE CONTINUES. After a week of secret sessions in which it heard charges against John L. Lewis and the Committee of Industrial Organization, the executive council of the American Federation of Labor decided to "try" the recalcitrants on August 3. John P. Frey, president of the Metal Trades Department of the Federation on behalf of ten unions with approximately 600,000 members filed the formal "indictment." He charged that the Lewis group was "clearly competing as a rival organization within the A. F. of L."; that organizations participating in the Lewis group were "fomenting insurrection" within the Federation's ranks; that they had violated the contracts entered into with the Federation when they were granted charters; that they violated the decision of the Atlantic City convention of last year. The executive council's decision which averts the expected break within the Federation came as the result of an eleventh-hour conference between Lewis, Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady and George M. Harrison, member of the executive council. It is hoped that the final settlement preventing drastic suspension action will be reached before the date set for the "trial." Mr. Lewis was represented as feeling that the executive council acted without authority of Federation law in summoning him and his associates to stand trial. Interested parties watched eagerly to see what his final decision would be. Feeling that labor is solidly behind him President Roosevelt and the Democratic leaders sedulously avoided any unrequested intervention in the internal conflicts of the A. F. of L.

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BRITISH LABOR WINS SEAT. The Labor party won an important by-election victory at Derby when Philip Noel Baker, former Professor of International Relations at the University of London, was elected to a seat in the House of Commons over Major Archibald Church, the Government's candidate, by a margin of nearly 3,000 votes, the issue being the Government's abandonment of sanctions and "betrayal" of the League of Nations. About £750,000 will be added to the Government's annual expenditure on unemployment assistance, which is at present about £38,000,000, thereby giving more than 250,000 persons an extra dole. President Roosevelt's special commission visiting England for the purpose of studying the British co-operative system, made a short preliminary study of the movement and will return later for an exhaustive survey of the same. The commission is composed of Jacob Baker, former assistant WPA administrator; Leland Olds, secretary of the New York Power Authority, and Charles E. Stuart, engineer. More than 400 picked American social workers were among the 800 delegates from twenty-six nations who assembled in London recently for the International Conference on Social Service.

The Government considered a proposal to eliminate or reduce passport visa fees for United States citizens entering Great Britain from \$10 to \$2, and this regardless of whether the United States makes a reciprocal gesture. Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, declared Britain should have at the earliest moment a navy "strong enough to go anywhere," warning that if Britain's sea communications should be cut the people would be dead of starvation within six weeks.

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ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTED. King Edward VIII, riding his horse at the head of a Guard's parade near Buckingham Palace July 16, was attacked by an assassin. His assailant, said to be an Englishman, carried a revolver and a large missile. He hurled the brick-shaped object at the King and struck the charger on the flank. The horse reared but the King had it under control immediately. Bystanders and the police leaped upon the attacker and knocked the revolver to the ground. He was taken off to Scotland Yard for questioning. The King continued in the procession with complete calm.

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IRISH CELEBRATIONS. The largest crowd since the Dublin Eucharistic Congress convened at Tuam in the west of Ireland for the annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society. Graced by the presence of His Eminence, Cardinal MacRory, the Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. Robinson, and sixteen members of the Hierarchy, the event was notable and representative. Into a town of 3,000 came 45,000 from all parts of the country, to attend the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in the Cathedral grounds, followed by a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The addresses and discussions were notable and centered about the main theme, Christ, Our Brother. Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, who brought the Congress to Tuam, spoke on "Christ the Brother of the Poor"; Professor Alfred O'Rahilly treated the subject, "Christ the Brother of the Worker"; Dr. M. J. Browne of Maynooth had as paper, "Christ the Brother of the Sufferer." The event was made to coincide with the third National Eucharistic Congress.

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PEACE PRECAUTIONS. Efforts to prevent a repetition of last year's disturbances in Belfast, with their record of bloodshed and the destruction of property were made in Ireland and Great Britain. As July 12 again drew near, His Lordship, the

Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Mageean in a pastoral letter begged the Catholic community to cooperate generously with the guardians of the law and to avoid all functions where they might be exposed to taunts and insults. The Protestant Bishop of the same diocese, Dr. McNeice, also wrote a letter in a similar tone to the members of his church. In the same week 200 members of Parliament of all parties met in Westminster and passed a resolution calling for a full inquiry into the Belfast riots of 1936. In Belfast July 13 Orangemen paraded in streets lined with huge forces of police. No serious disturbances were reported from Belfast or from other parts of the six counties. Lord Craigavon speaking at Lambeg to a crowd of 30,000 who had marched from Belfast, denounced the Council for Civil Liberties and decried the attempt to absorb Ulster in an all-Ireland Republic.

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FRANCE SEETHES. France celebrated the morning of Bastille Day with the traditional military review in the Champs Elysées and the afternoon by an enormous Popular-Front parade which dwarfed all previous demonstrations in French history. Two days before, some 30,000 peace pilgrims, representing fourteen nations, met on the battlefield of Verdun. Organized by the French Veterans' Confederation, this great public ceremony was meant as a popular dedication against war; standing silently by the graves of the fallen, the pilgrims swore an oath for the peace of the world. Just previous to this demonstration, however, the Government staged a huge display of military aviation at Le Bourget field intended to prove both to foreign nations and to the country itself that France was adequately equipped for air defense or attack. Meanwhile the internal disorders continued. At Nice, a mob of nearly 10,000 people, made up of Rightists and Leftists engaged in a street fight after a political meeting, and fifty-five persons, including a number of police, were seriously injured. A strike of farm hands was threatened on the eve of the wheat harvest. The stay-in strikes continued in many localities. The split between Communists and Socialists supporting M. Blum's Government was reported as growing more serious. The nation waited anxiously to see what effect would follow the lowering of the discount rate and the new issue of Treasury bonds.

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HITLER-AUSTRIAN PACT. An agreement to adjust all differences between them was announced simultaneously by the German and Austrian Governments. Germany recognized the complete sovereignty of Austria, and agreed to refrain from attempting, directly or indirectly, any interference with Austrian National Socialism or with any other internal affairs of the Vienna régime. Austria engaged to bring her political policies, as far as they affect the Reich, into conformity with the principle that Austria professes to be a German state, but without disturbing whatever understanding Austria

possesses with Italy and Hungary. Both States agreed to enact whatever measures would be necessary to lessen the tension between them. Abolition of the 1,000-mark tax imposed by Germany for each visa permitting a German to visit Austria, and removal of restrictions upon trade with Austria were viewed as certain. Restrictions imposed upon Germans by Austria would be quickly lifted, it was said. The agreement removed the last bit of contention between Chancellor Hitler and Premier Mussolini, and made the reestablishment of any "united front" against Hitler difficult of achievement.

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SECRET UNDERSTANDING. According to a report from a usually well-informed source, the Austrian Government, in compliance with a demand from Chancellor Hitler, agreed to raise the strength of its army to 300,000 men, thus enabling Austria to defend its independence. Chancellor Hitler also asked the Austrian Government to pledge itself not to raise the question of Hapsburg restoration for ten years. Dr. Schuschnigg, Austrian Chancellor, evaded making this pledge, but assured Germany that the restoration was not a "topical problem."

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SPANISH MONARCHIST SLAIN. Unrest in Spain was intensified by the murder on July 13 of José Calvo Sotelo, Monarchist Deputy and outstanding leader of conservative opposition in the Cortes. The killing, following closely on the assassination, supposedly by Fascists, of José Castillo, young lieutenant of the Assault Guards, was generally regarded as an act of reprisal by members of Castillo's company. Early Monday morning "men dressed as Assault Guards" (official report) roused the deputy from sleep and presenting an order for his arrest in connection with Castillo's death carried him off in a police car. A half-hour later Assault Guards delivered his body to the keeper of the East Cemetery. Seventeen members of Castillo's company of Assault Guards were arrested. Four are alleged to have confessed. The following day 30,000 people assembled for his funeral but were denied admission to the cemetery. Assault Guards fired on a group of youths chanting the Fascist slogan, killed two, wounded six. For publishing details of Sotelo's death without previous submission to the censor, two Madrid newspapers, the Conservative *Ya* and Monarchist *Epoca* were suspended. It was recalled that a short time ago Sotelo had attacked the Government in the Cortes, and his warning that inability to preserve order would drive the middle classes to Fascism was greeted by a threatening movement from Socialist and Leftist deputies. He had served notice of his intention to raise the same issue in the session that was to have taken place the day following his death. The Government, reported tottering because of failure to control the strikes, took advantage of his death to adjourn the Cortes for a week.

CORRESPONDENCE

FORMAT FANS

EDITOR: I have been a reader of AMERICA since Vol. 1, No. 1, and have had the honor and pleasure of meeting many of its contributors; in the language of the day, the new AMERICA is "tops"; the Regal type is all that is claimed for it and I believe the Editor rates a twenty-one gun salute for this achievement.

New Milford, Conn.

JOHN K. HUME

EDITOR: I have been reading and subscribing to AMERICA for about twenty years, and this is the first time, for a long while, I have had the pleasure of reading AMERICA from cover to cover. Each article is well written and easy to read with the new form of type used.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDWARD J. BREEN

EDITOR: It seems to me that you have achieved a format which is simple without dreariness, modern with no loss of good taste and, withal, one which would seem to reflect accurately the character of your publication.

Rochester, N. Y.

HOWARD W. KLIPPERT

EDITOR: AMERICA in its new format is an inspiration to the Catholic Press, as well as being a deep joy and satisfaction to all who have known and loved AMERICA from its inception. It is the most dignified and beautiful magazine in the English language. Thanks to the genius of Mr. Murphy it has now a mechanical get-up in full harmony with its spiritual and intellectual content; and that has not been, and is not, surpassed by any of its contemporaries. Looking at AMERICA now, one senses a command *Compelle legere*. May many new thousands obey that command! The obedience would bring them a new impulse toward love of God and God's truth.

Weston, Mass.

M. J. AHERN

EDITOR: I certainly *do* find the new type more readable. Whether there are fewer words than in the old form, I do not know, but it requires much less time for me to go from cover to cover. And that is the way I like to read your periodical. Especially interesting were such articles as the *Intolerance in the Incoming Order* in the first issue, and the article on Mexico, and one concerning the spiritual death awaiting our children in non-Catholic universities, in the second issue.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM HANSEN

EDITOR: The whole periodical is up-to-the-minute, attractive, artistic. I consider it a distinct improvement over the old format. The front page is distinctive and striking; we have with some pride

compared it with May *Schoolman*. I was greatly relieved to see that the actual size of the AMERICA was unchanged. The new head type is excellent, the modern motif fresh and stimulating. Finally, the fitted articles, beginning at page tops, are most attractive—but I admire your courage in undertaking to fit them. It is an editorial jig-saw puzzle for every week. May I add that the only fly in the ointment is the weight of the new paper stock? I could wish a heavier paper stock to crown your excellent improvements—at any price!

St. Louis, Mo.

LEONARD A. WATERS

EDITOR: AMERICA, always magnificent, now compels attention in its new form or dress. May its readers increase in number and may it continue to lead the grand parade in real Catholic action.

Westfield, N. J.

H. J. WATTERSON

EDITOR: How becoming and appealing is its new dress! I like the dark shading and the boldness of its print.

Bluefield, W. Va.

MRS. N. C. SHISHER

EDITOR: My letter, one of a million, will not mean very much, but I do want to congratulate you on the new AMERICA. It is a very attractive paper whose very appearance will make you pick it up and read. The type is modern and the format is appealing.

Chicago, Ill.

JAMES J. MERTZ, S.J.

EDITOR: Please permit me to congratulate you on the new and splendid appearance of AMERICA. It was with the greatest of surprise and real pleasure that I opened today's issue. I like most of all the new paper used. It gives to the periodical that indefinable something I will call for want of a better term, geniality. AMERICA is now *de luxe* to me.

Brazil, Indiana.

A. G. WICKE

EDITOR: When Regal type-face can give us such a feast as Thomas J. Fitzmorris on *Films*, The Parader on *Events*, Father Feeney on *The Cult of Obscurity*, Father Toomey on *Omniscience in the Historian*, Alice McLarney on *Trollope Continued by Knox*, we pray on bended knees for more of Regal 10 point on 11 point slug. Or possibly the high-school senior is wrong in saying that zero is what makes the water freeze.

Minerva, N. Y.

ELLA F. LYNCH.

EDITOR: The new format is very handsome. As one who likes good printing I am much pleased with it. Yet I have a lurking feeling that something is not just right. Is it less intimate, more detached? If I find it leads to Father Blakely pulling his

punches, or abandoning his infighting for something else, I shall put it down, I think, to the difference in footlights. Of course it is the Editor who will first find what limitations the new scheme imposes, and will find the correctives. However, it is easy to perceive that you have a definite idea of just what you are up to, and I have no doubt you will work it out. As long as you do not make the curve too sharp for your old readers to take in comfort, I am sure it will be all to the good.

New York, N. Y.

J. C. WALSH.

EDITOR: Das neue Kleid freut uns sehr!

Kansas City, Mo.

SISTER FRANCES MARIE.

(Applause appreciated. It must now cease. Editor.)

LAYPRAISES

EDITOR: Many generous souls who agree in theory with Father Gerard Donnelly (*Laymen May Read the Breviary*—AMERICA, July 11) may find possession of a breviary in the vernacular beyond their means. A logical outcome of the present growing interest in the liturgy might well be the serial publication of the breviary as a regular feature of our diocesan papers.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MARIE SHIELDS HALVEY.

EDITOR: Father Donnelly's appeal to laymen to recite the breviary, or parts of it, every day, is certainly in line with the liturgical movement, and we hope that it will find a wide response. However, before a layman can take up the recitation of the psalms, which form the bulk of the breviary, and draw spiritual profit from his reading, a revised version of the Douay translation of the psalms has to be placed in his hands. We priests know the insuperable difficulties presented by the Vulgate version of the psalms; these difficulties are not lessened, but rather magnified in the Douay version. To take but one example: what will Father Donnelly's cooks, reciting vespers for Wednesday, make of two verses of psalm 130?

1. O Lord, my heart is not exalted: nor are my eyes lofty. Neither have I walked in great matters, nor in wonderful things above me.
2. If I was not humbly minded, but exalted my soul: as a child that is weaned is towards his mother, so reward in my soul.

Congratulations on the splendid new body typeface employed by AMERICA.

Covington, Ky.

JOHN LAUX.

EDITOR: The article *Laymen May Read the Breviary* gives a specific impetus to the revival among the laity of praying the breviary: the official prayerbook of the Church. We have so imbibed the spirit of selfish individualism from the Protestant theology of the sixteenth century that it can hardly be wondered at if our people today do not sense their religious life from the standpoint of a social obligation. At Mass each one prays for him-

self and by himself, completely oblivious of the social aspect of the Sacrifice that is being re-enacted upon the altar.

It may interest you and your readers to know that the Saint Joseph Center of the League of the Divine Office has been established at Saint Joseph's Church, 125th Street and Morningside Avenue, Manhattan. Men and women have journeyed from Long Island, Staten Island, Brooklyn, and New Jersey to recite chorally Vespers and Compline. Chapters consisting of seven members each have been formed. Each chapter member pledges the daily recitation of one of the seven hours of the breviary. The particular hour to be said by each member is assigned for a week, and at the end of the week a transfer is made to the next hour of the cycle. In this way each chapter through its members recites the office in full every day, while each chapter member in seven weeks recites all the hours.

Astoria, N. Y.

EUGENE P. MCSWEENEY.

JULY 4

EDITOR: Re your editorial, "Independence Day," it is splendid. But why are you a week late? Why did you not suggest earlier to us pastors to combine religious with the civic celebration, *Pro Deo et Patria*? Then we could, and many would, have announced a special Mass for the day. We have a special Mass on Thanksgiving Day with a large congregation attending it. Why not one for the Fourth also?

May I go a step further? You say rightly: "From one end of the land to the other, the day . . . becomes one long loud noise." Let us borrow a custom from the Catholics of China, the home of the powder-cracker. Missioners tell us that on the great feasts of Christmas, Easter and the like, giant powder-crackers are set off at the door of the church at the Consecration. Next Fourth of July let the pastor supply the powder-crackers and the altar boys will surely see to it that they are discharged at the moment of the Elevation. And I promise that young and old and middle-aged will attend that Mass.

Esopus, N. Y.

JOHN GALVIN.

EDITOR: After Mass on the Fourth of July a Sister and I were expressing the desire that the Mass of Our Lady of Consolation, as in the English appendix, would be said on this great national holiday. What was my surprise on opening AMERICA just now to find the same desire expressed that Our Lady should be specially honored by a Mass on that day.

As prayer is all-powerful I shall beg Our Lady of Consolation to cause this, her Mass, to be celebrated next year, on the Glorious Fourth, in all our churches and chapels as a worthy tribute to her for rescuing the Nation from the hands of the spoiler.

San Jose, Cal.

SISTER M. MECHTILDE.

(God made noise. We can make that noise reverent. Editor.)

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A SCHERZO CONTEST TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

IN our issue of June 6, if the reader will remember, I wrote an unfinished poem for Our Lady, and asked some kind verse-maker to help me complete it. All told, 103 kind verse-makers responded.

These contributors, and I sympathize with them, were at a loss to know how to mark their poems for entrance. The manuscripts were labeled variously as for: the Unfinished Poem Contest, The Stiletto Contest, The Paper-Cuttter Contest, The Loretto Contest, The Litany Contest, The Half-a-Poem Contest, and (quite clever, my dear!) The Un-Feeneysh-ed Poem Contest. To make matters a bit mystical, one of the entries was post-marked Loretto, Colorado.

A composite poem, made up of lines and phrases taken from two versions submitted, seemed to me to make the best whole. The winners are both mysterious persons. One is called J. Galvin, and the other, Daisy Doolittle.

To show how mysterious J. Galvin is I shall quote from his letter:

Here's hoping the baby looks like his father! But to be truthful, I think we could give King Solomon a merry chase for his title if we brought this before his tribunal. Neither sword, nor even stiletto could help him find the rightful parent. . . . I will not give my address. I will not accept a book as a prize. But if I see this in AMERICA I shall send you a book of my own.

Independent, isn't he? But not sleuthy enough. The elusive J. Galvin made one great mistake in trying to cover all clues. He forgot *not* to post his letter in Esopus, N. Y. For who, pray, ever lived in Esopus, New York, except a Redemptorist? A Jesuit at Poughkeepsie, New York, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, would have been more wily, as you know from the dictionary.

Daisy Doolittle (1410 Thome Ave., Chicago) at least gave her address. She writes: "Dear Father Feeney: I hope you will like my part half as well as I like yours. You will be surprised to hear that Daisy Doolittle is not my real name. If I win the prize, please write and find my real one. Yours truly: Daisy." . . . Really, Miss Doolittle! A pseudonym? I never would have suspected!

Anyhow, in the joint firm of Doolittle, Galvin and Feeney, Inc. (the title which follows is J. G's) here's what we sing:

A A A DOMINA, NESICIO LOQUI

I took my paper-cutter, my poetical stiletto,
And ran it through the middle of the Litany of Loretto,
Dissevered the connective ofs, unlinked the clinging phrases,
Parted the pairs of pretty prayers and promises and praises,
And watched Our Lady's scrambled names fall flake-like in a shower:
Ark, Heaven, Ivory, Covenant, Rose, Gold, House, Gate and Tower,
Star, Virgin, Vessel, Morning, Joy, Seat, Mirror, Wisdom, Mother,
Cause, Counsel, Queen, Help, Refuge, Peace, and many and many another
Aristocratic little noun still told in towns and nations
To help fulfil a prophecy about the "generations";
Tinsel, confetti compliments, sweet incoherent mumbles
Inept to lock her secret in a syllable that crumbles;
Anointed metaphors that fail to catch the grace, the glory
That stunned the tongue of Gabriel when stammering his story.
Truly, Our Maker has not wrought a creature like to Mary,
And we but ravel bits of speech from out our dictionary
And weave what wonder-words we can and offer plenty of them
Unto the marble Maiden who is smiling up above them,
Rapt in a rock relationship we know no sword can sever,
Holding one perfect little Word against her heart forever.

The aftermath of the main Marian Poem Contest, the choices of which appeared in the issue of July 4, was on the whole very pleasant. A majority of the letters received were laudatory. The variety in the poems chosen seemed to please our readers. Nearly everyone agreed that Sister Mary St. Virginia's sonnet deserved the first award. The second-place award was most disputed. Many thought it should have been given to Father Bonn, others to Father Barrett.

The kindest note of all was received from that noble poet, James J. Daly, S.J. He said: "They were really fine poems. I liked them all except the last." The last was Father Daly's own.

A few poets who did not win places wrote "in-

jured" letters, demanding immediately the return of their manuscripts. In several letters I received abundant personal abuse. One correspondent, a college professor, raged at the choices, declared I should be called henceforth "The Literary (?) Editor," and to prove my incompetence produced a mistake in grammar which I made in an issue of this paper six weeks or so ago. There was also a letter from a lunatic asylum saying that Our Lady was disgraced by the contest.

The most beautiful manuscript submitted in the Marian Contest was sent by Sister M. Euphrasia, Madonna High School, 601 W. Court Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was done on pink and white parchment, lettered in black and gold, with a small painting of the Nativity at the top in exquisite whites and blues and surrounded by a wreath of roses. The document was called *A Loving Tribute to Mary*, and was just what its title says of it. This gifted sister, who of all the contestants would most have the right to send an indignant letter demanding that her "manuscript be immediately returned," has not done so. And we are in hopes she may let us keep it for display in our office. A letter received from Philadelphia states that Rosemary Dawn Regina Immaculata Hayes, the little nine-year old girl whose poem appeared in the issue of June 27, is not only a fine poet but also an excellent swimmer. I understand she wins prizes for that, too.

I hope our readers are pleased with the full page we now give to poems when they appear. In exceptional cases we could even extend it to two pages. This will not only set off the poems in a more attractive position (the tag-end space at the close of a prose article is not an attractive position) but it will also enable us to print at times a moderately long poem. I am sure that the tendency in our day to write so exclusively in "verse-bits" can be traced to the magazine influence, these not having room ordinarily for an extended or sustained piece. I know it was at least partly the reason why I myself was driven to writing miniatures. During this past winter I broke free of this restraint for the first time and wrote my first long poem. It is a triple stanza sequence, each stanza done in triple rhyme and with a short beat. Each three stanzas make a unit, it pleases me to call it a canto, and thirty-three cantos complete the book. It is to be published by Macmillan on September 8 and will be called *Song for a Listener*. Whether or not it is successful I shall learn when the critics begin to chirp in the Fall.

One of the good effects of our encouragement of young writers in the Marian Poem Contest has been to attract many young and promising poets to send us their work. Maurice C. Fields, whose beautiful *Elégie Pour Françoise* was published last week, is a young colored boy of only nineteen. Alfred Satterthwaite, son of John Cournos, has sent us poems, and so has, to our great delight, J. H. McCabe, Fordham's finest poet in the days when Father Fremgen held the *Fordham Monthly* in the very first place among Catholic college journals.

Next week we plan to have a page of playful and satirical pieces with McCabe, William Thomas Walsh, Jaime Castiello and Petronius Applejoy among the contributors.

Speaking of long poems, which we were doing in a paragraph above, J. G. E. Hopkins, an associate editor of *Spirit*, has a long poem on Mexico recently completed and soon, we hope, to appear in book form. Also John J. A. Murphy, the typographer *par excellence* who designed the new AMERICA, has done a most interesting and original Stations-of-the-Cross sequence in verse for which he has made most beautiful accompanying woodcuts. Again, Daniel Sargent whose *God's Ambuscade* was so much admired when it appeared last year, did a long poem two years ago called *The Song of the Three Children*. It came out in a limited edition, being printed by Hilary Pepler of the Ditchling Press in Sussex, England; but if Bruce Humphries and Company of Boston have any copies left, no one who can get a copy should miss it. It is Mr. Sargent's very finest song, a modern rendition of the canticle of the three young men in the fiery furnace, told in the Book of Daniel.

England's most coveted literary honor is the Hawthornden Prize, awarded annually to the best book of the year, of an imaginative character, written by an author under 41. Lord David Cecil, I remember, was the winner of this prize a few years ago with his *The Stricken Deer*, a life of William Cowper. This year the prize has been given to a Catholic for writing the life of a saint. The author is Evelyn Waugh, and the book *Edmund Campion*. When young Waugh, who a few years ago in competition with his equally adroit brother, Alec, was writing polished, satirical novels, slightly malodorous and dealing with the decadent social life of belief-shy modern England, and was creating a type of "smartness" in style that led reviewers to speak of a "pre-Waugh and a post-Waugh" era in fiction, little did anyone dream that in a few years he would be converted to the Catholic Faith and then become a hagiographer. But this has happened. And those who predicted that there would be no chance for Evelyn Waugh to exercise his talents in the Catholic Church have been startlingly disappointed. In gratitude to his friend, Father D'Arcy, S.J., who received him into the Church, and who is headmaster of Campion Hall, the Jesuit house at Oxford (now in need of funds to erect a new building), Evelyn Waugh undertook to write the life of the Jesuit martyr, Blessed Edmund Campion, the proceeds of which book would go to the new Campion Hall fund. With amazing versatility he converted himself from a shocking novelist to a chaste and reverential biographer, with a saint as his subject. *Edmund Campion* is not only the most satisfying sort of spiritual reading, but it is now, in virtue of the Hawthornden Committee's award, the outstanding book of the past year in point of literary excellence. Can one imagine our Pulitzer Committee ever daring to award a prize to the biography of a saint?

BOOKS

FOR PEACE

THE SUPREME CAUSE. By Estelle M. Sternberger.
Dodd, Meade & Co. \$1.25

THE supreme cause is world peace. The author of this book—a handbook on peace and war rather than an *ex parte* utterance—is Executive Director of World Peaceways, “an organization engaged in developing techniques of mass education on international issues.” The book amasses an immense amount of factual knowledge on the issues of peace and war. It will prove serviceable for debating societies. The author’s hope is that it will enable the reader to study, in their wider perspectives, the different problems that are presented by press headlines and involved in the various peace movements.

The work is divided into two almost equal sections. The first, mainly expository, neglects none of the factors—economic, financial, social, nationalistic—that contribute to war. In this first section there is much sensible comment on war racketeers, the bankers’ stake in war, the blindness of lavish expenditure on armaments as an economic measure. There is sane counsel for some of the extremists in the peace movements in the suggestion that they should point out to their governments how political, trade and financial policies often drive a government to become a military menace. “The duty of peace leaders would, from that standpoint, be that of building in the minds of people everywhere a passionate desire for economic and political justice, and an aggressively sustained program to achieve that good.” Thus, as the author says, the challenge might more advisedly be, not to the readiness to make “the supreme sacrifice” in the cause of collective crusades for international security, but to “the demand for collective and mutual concessions to enable nations to obtain those objectives for which they now feel war is the only means.”

The second part of the book is constructive and points “the roads to peace.” The chief factors that make for war and whose amendment or change would contribute to world peace are examined objectively. Profits in war, relief for over-population, revision of the Versailles Treaty and Kellogg Pact, freedom of the seas, the League of Nations, the World Court, an international police force, sanctions, and finally economic roads to peace are severally weighed. These subjects cause much mind-searching, and today more heart-searching, but as the writer maintains an impartial mood on all, I feel no need to make any comment. There is a balanced crescendo in the chapters as to the influences that make for world amity. Books like the one under review may be accused of begetting doubt and indecision by their accumulation of mere statements on issues without suggesting solutions. Yet there is much wisdom to be gleaned from the present work. Senator Borah, in the chapter entitled *International Police Court*, is quoted to the effect that judging from the fluctuating attitude of nations today, the aggressor appears to be not always the nation which attacks and hence violates a covenant but the one which transgresses the zone of interests of some other nation. The economic and trade factors should be stressed today and peace movements and societies would do well to give them a prominent place in their educational policies toward world peace.

The Supreme Cause provides for those interested in international questions a useful compendium of facts and opinions in a style that pleases. It carries us right up to latest legislative and executive enactments, all topped off with a very adequate bibliography that en-

hances for its readers this notably low-priced volume.

The work is written from a purely humanitarian standpoint. There is no treatment accorded the religious motive; even moral motives of justice and right receive only an implied homage. However, it would not be difficult to show that all the political, economic, social and educational helps towards international peace must fail if not built on and sustained by religion. Within the limits mapped by the author, to which we have referred at the opening, the book can be recommended.

WILLIAM BENN, S.J.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE OF THE CHURCH

WE BEHELD HIS GLORY. By Nicholas Arseniev. Morehouse Publishing Co. \$3

DR. ARSENIYEV is a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, professor of Orthodox Theology in the University of Warsaw, and lecturer in Russian Culture in the University of Königsberg in Prussia. In this book by means of quotations from modern religious writings—Protestant, Orthodox, and Roman Catholic—Dr. Arseniev directs attention to current trends toward a realism in the interpretation of Christianity which he finds characteristic of the religion of the early Christians and which he expresses by the Johannine phrase, “We beheld His glory.” This realism consists in regarding God as an external reality and Christianity as the revelation of God to men, the “Inrush” of God into the world. It stresses the Incarnation as the historic event in which God, becoming man, revealed Himself in human form; the Resurrection as the event in which Christ by victory over sin and death assures a like victory to those who follow Him; the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ continuing the revelation effected in the Incarnation; the Eucharist as the Sacrament symbolic and effective of the union of the members of Christ’s Mystical Body.

Dr. Arseniev affirms that, despite “juridic-formalistic excrescences and distortions,” this realism of early Christianity has always been strongly characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church. He finds it manifested today particularly in the emphasis laid on the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ, in the liturgical movement, and in the writings of such as Guardini, Adam, Scheeben. The doctor refers to the work of Luther as a necessary corrective to a mechanical, externalized conception of religion and as a justified revolt against the Roman yoke.

Finally, commenting on the Lausanne Conference on Faith and Order, the author bases hope for eventual reunion of the churches on this increase of a realistic Christianity, but he sees no immediate possibility of reunion by abandonment of doctrinal differences.

Dr. Arseniev’s understanding of the reality of God and of the doctrines of the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Eucharist is generally true, free from subjectivism, and abhorrent of Modernistic ambiguity. The same might be said of his understanding of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ, were he not so taken up with its mystical or sacramental aspect. The doctor deprecates the Church as an external authority and seems to regard it as a brotherhood created merely by the mutual love of its members and their common possession of spiritual gifts.

But if the Church itself be a great sacrament, a mystical body, as Dr. Arseniev holds it to be, then it should be a community made one by submission to authoritative bonds of an objective and visible charac-

ter; for a sacrament or "mystery" is a visible sign of an invisible grace. This minimizing of the objective social structure of the Church is the less understandable when Dr. Arseniev regards it as an organization constituted prior to the accession of its members. This the Church is; but then membership in it becomes conditioned on acceptance of one external and visible faith, worship, and government. The doctor's concept of the Church retains an individualistic subjectivism not in keeping with the realism of the early Christians.

Because of its many quotations from recent writings and careful notation of the sources this book may prove a handy repertory of some religious thought of these times.

FRANCIS L. SHEERIN, S.J.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GONE WITH THE WIND. By Margaret Mitchell. The Macmillan Company. \$3

FOR the ardent admirers of Stark Young's nostalgic South with its courageous gallants and gentle belles, this tale of Scarlett O'Hara, Civil War career-woman, and Rhett Butler, devil-may-care blockade runner, will prove rather strong meat. As a matter of fact, *Gone With the Wind* is strong meat no matter who takes it.

For sheer story value it is one of the finest Civil War epics of all time. Miss Mitchell draws no patriotic mantle about the Civil War as it came to Georgia. It was a war like any other war, and when she dramatizes its emotional values she does so with an acid pen. But *Gone With the Wind* is not primarily a war story. It is the story of Scarlett O'Hara. It is the story of a strong and selfish woman who is driven by the war to rely on her strength and find good cause for her selfishness. It is the story, too, of that charming and most brutally honest of all adventurers, Rhett Butler.

Miss Mitchell has shown amazing restraint in dealing with two characters as dramatic and colorful as Scarlett and Rhett. That restraint has strengthened every fiber of her story. She is never for a moment guilty of sentimentalizing or of explaining and inviting sympathy. As a result Scarlett herself, and even more surely Rhett, wring from the reader a kind of painful and understanding sympathy. For a thousand pages of the finest reading that has come this way in some years, there is no better investment than *Gone With the Wind*.

THE HERITAGE OF THE CATHEDRAL. By Sartell Prentice. William Morrow & Co. \$3.50.

ONCE in Notre Dame in Paris the author of this book encountered two American business men leaving the cathedral after a brief five minutes' inspection. As they passed he pointed out a detail, then another, then for an hour he interpreted glass and column and vault to men who had little dreamed that stone and glass could speak. What he did briefly for them he now aims to do for many: to read from stone and glass the history of the ages, the beliefs, and fears, and philosophies of men long dead, to interpret the voices of the cathedral. He finds the first Christian churches in the catacombs, traces the development from catacomb to crypt, from crypt to basilica, through the difficulties of Romanesque—always groping, always reaching upward, guided by a strange destiny that makes even decline and ignorance and barbarism handmaids of genius—to the towering perfection of Gothic art. Follows then the downward trend through the Renaissance to a revival of paganism. The story is charmingly, interestingly told, and the author is ardent in the telling. History and lore and legend blend in the sweep of his pen; and men and manners and movements, nations in birth and decay, in peace and war, pagan and Christian and barbarian pass in review and in their passing leave their story indelibly in the cathedral that forces innumerable joined to create. If

the author does at times bend history to theory or is too credulous in his borrowing from unreliable sources, even if he may fail fully to appreciate the greater spiritual motives and the depth of faith that still lives in the cathedrals he loves, he has for all that given us a book that should be gratefully received by all who have or would like to have an interest in art, or even in a thrilling story enthusiastically told.

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE. By Alice Grant Rosman. G. P. Putman's Sons. \$2.

DEVOTED, capable, wholly charming is the mother of the bride but at heart most unhappy. And the father of the bride? Resigned to his self-inflicted misery. Until after their daughter's wedding and departure husband and wife must act out their long-played part, and then —? The stage of it all is still their pleasant hillside home looking towards London, bright this day with flowers and wedding gifts and alive with the gay modern friends of the bride. No part of that gayety are the gossip family connections of the bride's father with their keen noses for the unpleasant. Will the wedding's aftermath give their tongues real cause for wagging? This diverting mid-summer tale does not disappoint in its ending.

THIS SOVIET WORLD. By Anna Louise Strong. Henry Holt & Co. \$2

AS Miss Strong has already introduced herself vigorously and constantly as an untiring propagandist for the Soviet regime, she needs no introduction. Her point of view is sufficiently demonstrated by the two parts into which her volume is divided, *Men Make the Soviet World* and *The Soviet World Makes Men*. In view of the constant stream of panegyrics on Soviet Russia that pours from the press there seems to be little new added by Miss Strong. She stresses particularly the emancipation of women, the building of the new economy, struggle for peace, factory collectives, the spread of popular science, and other familiar titles to glory. The Soviet attitude toward human rights and religion is forgotten. It is interesting to compare Miss Strong's enthusiasm for the emancipation of women and the "joyously dynamic initiative" of the Stakhanovites with the misgivings that have recently appeared in Soviet circles.

GERMANY TODAY. By Henry Albert Phillips. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3

THE German *Arbeitsdienst*, Nazi parallel to our Civilian Conservation Camps, is not forced labor; but a mighty national adventure, leveling all class distinctions in fine comradeship. What would not America give to be rid of pestiferous, criminal racketeering? Yet Nazi Germany has abolished it. Labor lives and works in one big family. While the steel masters in the United States glower at split ranks of defiant labor, Germany's bosses and workers raise to the roof a mighty chorus of harmony. National Socialism is a German invention and political system. Glorious are the holiday evenings, "Power through Joy" (*Kraft durch Freude*). Mr. Phillips entered heartily into Nazi Germany as Nazi Germans see it. He applauded what they applaud. Hitler, he says, has the flair of a magician in making oil and water mix. And Mr. Phillips enjoyed the magic, while he lived in German homes and observed minutely what National Socialism did to Germany's boys, girls, and their parents.

A tribute to his powers as a trained observer is the fact that all this *Einführung* on his part did not blind him to the spiritual robbery that National Socialism is accomplishing. In the families he stayed with, one Protestant, the other supposedly Catholic, nobody went to church. There is no reservation, he holds, in the Nazi war on God. "God is ruled out or made to play second fiddle. . . . It is an old battle that has seldom been successful, defying God and the Pope." And with all his sympathy for the joys of Nazism he speaks scathingly of the blind folly of those who, in the name of science would try to drive the Creator from creation. Impar-

tially, with full recognition of the Nazi claims, he reveals the hatefulness of Nazism's persecution of the Jews.

Mr. Phillips' reflections as he listened to the mellifluous bells of Konstanz are those of most sane people as they contemplate this vast tragedy-comedy. His work strikes one as unbiased and competent: a lively picture, that plagues you with no attempt at a solution.

POLAND AND HER ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. By Roman Górecki. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
WEDGED in between powerful and traditionally hostile neighbors and crossroads between East and West, Poland's principal problems at the present day are in the economic order. The realistic attitude shown towards these questions by the present Polish Government with its encouragement of textile and other industries, as well as her infant foreign trade is one of the marvels of our time. Dr. Górecki, president of the National Economic Bank of Warsaw, describes the methods of reconstruction which the Polish nation is now accomplishing through its united efforts. He treats of national finances, banking, production and distribution, foreign and overseas trade. Numerous diagrams and a full index add to the usefulness of the work.

THE STORY OF THE RELICS OF THE PASSION. By H. M. Gillett. Oxford. Basil Blackwell. 4/6
LEGEND has so grown up around the sacred relics of Our Saviour's Passion that an unjust suspicion attaches to them, yet the residue of historic truth is surprisingly large and solid. As the author of this fine and careful study observes: "That objects of such especial veneration should have survived the ordeal of centuries is remarkable and fortunate, but not so wonderful as the precluded possibility." The British Museum indeed is filled with examples of survival and as amazing, and the author has devoted minute study to each of the relics. These include the wood of the Cross, the nails, the title, the crown of thorns, the holy lance, the relics of cloth, and other famous relics such as the column of scourging, the sponge, the table of the Last Supper, etc. The exact location, documentary history, and condition of each relic is minutely described and illustrated where possible with photographs. For English residents or visitors to England the cataloguing of the relics in England is extremely interesting and instructive, as well as a tribute to the loving piety of English Catholics in post-Reformation times.

THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD. By A. Smyth. The Macmillan Company.
THERE are many people nowadays who feel that recent science has made necessary a radical change in religious concepts which were formerly held without question. N. A. Smyth is convinced of this and in his *Through Science to God* attempts a revision which he hopes may prove acceptable to our generation. He lays stress on the cosmic stream of events of which man is the crown. Man alone has ideas. He is bound to be interested in his environment and finds happiness in laboring and enduring. The author seems to prescind from a future life and his concept of the Creator expressed more or less metaphorically as "the whole integrated course of all events" is rather vague and a poor substitute for the God of Christianity.

THE FUTURE OF BOLSHIEVISM. By Waldemar Gurian. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50
THIS masterly volume, dealing with the thesis that Bolshevism is the common denominator of Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany alike, was reviewed in a seventy-line article by John LaFarge in last week's issue of *AMERICA* (page 357). But by an error in type-setting the title of the book was given as *Brown Bolshevism*. That happens to be a splendid summary of the volume, but the actual title is *The Future of Bolshevism*.

ARTS

INSTITUTING this column in *AMERICA* seems to require the writer to make a brief preliminary bow, to offer a few words of introduction, at least to make clear his definitions, so that no critic, however captious, may say that fair warning has not been given as to the possible eccentricities of vocabulary or thought in which the conductor of the department may indulge. I am to write an occasional column about art. That, in itself, is a terrifying statement!

I shall try, very hard, not to be pontifical, for that, in art criticism, is the worst sin in the decalogue. Nor shall I indulge in little essays, handsomely thought-out and neatly worded, upon the meaning of art or its nature. Frankly, I know of art only that it is man-made—by definition—and that it is not nature. Some of it is beautiful, some is not. If an unkind reader were to ask me what is beauty, I could do no more than refer him back to Saint Thomas: "that which having been seen (I like to think that Saint Thomas included *comprehended* in his *seen*), pleases..." and a great deal more, too metaphysical for any general reader. When I speak of art, I shall take it very broadly, and *not necessarily mean* beauty at the same time.

AS time and space permit, I shall try to report on all outstanding exhibitions of art, including those outside New York, though necessarily these will not be as frequent as those held in the metropolitan center. This means that special shows in museums, unusually interesting dealers' shows, and special artistic events of all sorts will be critically noticed. And I shall try to let our readers know of them in such good time that they may take a look themselves, if they be so minded. Another object will be to comment fairly freely on architectural activities—ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic—from FHA houses to Cathedral.

One thing it is only fair to say in this initial bow. The conductor of this department naturally has certain sympathies. They are entirely modern in direction, modern, that is, of course, for contemporary artists. No one would suggest that the great figures in the history of art should all have been post-impressionists, or that Chartres would have been better built in materials of which its builders knew nothing. But, by the very same token, to ask one of our contemporaries to paint with precisely the same style or manner or content as, let us say, Jerome Bosch, or Peter Paul Rubens, or even some Italian primitive artist, is to be equally impertinent. We must paint and carve and draw as we must dress, according to our own devices, whatever their quality. And if it happens that our devices are less pleasing than those of our ancestors, then certainly the way to improve them is not to make over our lives on the pattern of an historical fancy dress ball, but rather to take our point of departure in what we have now, that is our own.

OUR first specific comment is devoted to a matter which impinges very closely on the literary. After some years of publication in Paris, *transition* has come to New York, and will now be published here quarterly. It is much as it always has been: devoted to abstraction in art and automatic writing in literature (that latter phrase is not quite fair!). Those who get fun out of experiments and are amused at creations made of pipe cleaners, piano wire, and safety matches, equally as much, those who find that it does them good to get properly angry every once in a while at what they consider meaningless art and literature ought to subscribe to *transition*. This number has an excellent little essay on esthetics by James Johnson Sweeney. It might interest readers of *AMERICA* to learn that both editors of *transition*, as well as a large number of its contributors, are Catholics.

HARRY L. BINSSE

FILMS

AND SUDDEN DEATH. Paramount comes forward with a picturization of J. C. Furnas' eloquent warning against reckless driving and its tragic consequences. The film is in the nature of an attempt, by object lessons, to educate those persons who drive with one arm around the Old Man with the Scythe. Of the by now famous pamphlet little more is retained than the title and the moral, and the producers have sought to sugar-coat the sermon with a dramatic story. But the happy fusion does not result and the picture is at its best in its exposition of law-enforcement methods, bogging down a bit when the melodramatic story assumes first importance. However, it is very probable that this treatment of the social problem of highway murder will impress many upon whom words, however forceful and harrowing, would have no effect. The story concerns itself with a family of traffic violators and the fatal consequences of drunken driving. Randolph Scott, as the Law, and Frances Drake, as the lady on trial, do much to strengthen the plausibility of the tale. An effective portrayal of the inevitable weak-willed younger brother is contributed by Tom Brown. The film is recommended to those who drive—and to those who dodge. It will come, no doubt, as a surprise to the six-cylinder menace that knocking down a pedestrian is more than a misdemeanor. (*Paramount*)

EARTHWORM TRACTOR. This saga of high-pressure salesmanship is obviously aimed at those entertainment seekers who see in Joe E. Brown the hilarious personification of the small-town boy making good in the big city. In this present variation on the familiar theme, Mr. Brown exerts his full-mouthed personality in behalf of Earthworm tractors, in order to convince his city boss and his country sweetheart that he is a man of selling genius. The film runs along in the usual groove with the egotistical salesman meeting his major obstacle in a hard-bitten customer who has persistently resisted a deluge of order blanks. Of course, Mr. Brown sells his tractors but the happy ending is delayed by his losing the girl back home. Then, with the adaptability expected of a salesman, he turns his flattering attentions upon the daughter of the tough customer and completes his eminently successful career. It's all fun and the situations are just broad enough in their humor to suit the star's mannerisms. In support of Mr. Brown are June Travis and Guy Kibbee. (*Warner*)

THE DEVIL DOLL. It is difficult to estimate this picture, since one refuses to consider it in a wholly serious light. Although permeated by a strong note of hatred and revenge, it indulges in such frank unrealities that a sober discussion might leave the reviewer open to the smirks of the less literally-minded. Lionel Barrymore, the hero (or villain, as you prefer) of the piece, escapes from an unjust imprisonment in company with a scientist who has discovered a process whereby human beings are reduced to doll size, destroying only their free will. After the death of this genius, Lavond, the other convict, returns to Paris disguised as an old woman and uses the startling discovery to force a confession from his betrayers. The fact that such an inhuman vengeance is condoned for the sake of a sentimental ending is a bad fault. It appears, from this, that a man may make puppets (actually) of other human beings to serve his own purposes, which is obviously immoral. But perhaps the whole thing was meant as innocent entertainment for readers of ghost stories and H. G. Wells, and I do it an injustice to consider it as film literature. It contains some clever photography and excellent performances by Barrymore and Rafaela Ottiano. It is slight cause for joy that the usual pseudo-scientific nonsense which goes with such films is reduced to a minimum. (*M. G. M.*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

BUILDERS of American culture continued dying.... The mother of bobbed hair grew deceased.... The father of ghost writing became a ghost. He originated the apothegm: "No man is a spellbinder to his own ghost writer."... The original Toonerville Trolley motorman met his last train.... The instigator of the modern lolly-pop ceased breathing.... New fashions were announced.... In North Carolina mules on the highway at night must wear tail lights.... The Vertical Union of Ghost Writers threatened a national strike.... Citizens grew limp at the prospect of a summer filled with heat waves, droughts, grasshopper plagues and speeches thought out by candidates themselves.... Crime slunked.... With the heat at 102 in the shade, a New York man was caught stealing coal.... Chief Wow Wow, former Indian, escaped from an insane asylum.... People sweltered in Hell, Mich. Nearby towns were said to be hotter than Hell.... To keep it out of his business, a Detroit man cut off his wife's nose.... The recent torrid spell appeared to possess powers unknown to previous spells.... An alarming increase in the number of sour notes issuing from municipal bands was reported.... Veteran false teeth melted, dropped out of mouths.... A mad-dened squirrel bit a civic leader.... The heat wave had a good press. The opinion was growing that newspapers should suppress news of heat waves. Many people might not have noticed the recent heat had less publicity been given it, this view maintains.... A movement was launched to work out some method of preventing burglars from stealing burglar alarms.

THE London Times says Britons are appallingly ignorant of American history, urges them to study it. Many English movements leap across the sea. It would be a fine idea if this one would spread to the United States.... *The Universe*, English Catholic paper, notes that Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., is the new Literary Editor of AMERICA. "There is no one," it says, "more like G. K. Chesterton in mind and heart and temperament and in every other way.... A bowler hat inspired one of his greatest articles—the brown bowler hat worn by Catholic Al Smith when he was fighting Hoover and the hosts of bigotry in a Presidential election." Father Gilbert K. Feeney, or was it Father Leonard Chesterton, will long be remembered for that masterpiece, "The Brown Derby." A million broken hearts cried out with his voice. Al gave him the bowler, autographed.

POSSIBLE telephone conversations: Hitler to Schutzstaffeln boy: "Get me Mexico, Otto. I want to speak to Cárdenas. Hello, hello, Cárdenas, this is Adolf. What's the idea in opening churches?" Cárdenas: "That's only a blind, Adolf, to fool Catholics in the United States." Hitler: "Oh, you had me worried. How's your persecution going?" Cárdenas: "Wonderful, Adolf. I just had Joe Daniels, McAdoo, Connally and others here in Mexico City. I publicly praised Daniels for the way he has helped our atheistic campaign. McAdoo and Connally made nice speeches. All Mexico is convinced now the American Government is supporting our anti-religious crusade. They won't dare revolt." Hitler: "Well, is the American Government backing you?" Cárdenas: "Form your own conclusion, Adolf." Hitler: "It certainly looks that way from here." Cárdenas: "Joe Stalin is doing marvelous work in Russia." Hitler: "I hate to admit that. But I'm going to put on another big anti-Catholic drive after the Olympic Games." Devil, listening in: "Good boys, they always were good boys. Good, dependable boys."... While Ambassador Daniels, Senators McAdoo and Connally, fresh from the Democratic Convention, were giving comfort and encouragement to the anti-religious Mexican Government five more priests were murdered.

THE PARADER